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"MEN WITHOUT FEAR"
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YOU'RE AN EXPERT IN FIRE CONTROL.. YOU'VE BEEN PAID TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE HUGE URANIUM ATOMIC PLANT.. THE SLIGHTEST ACCIDENT CAN BLOW THE WORKS SKY HIGH! THEN IT HAPPENS... AND YOUR GUTS FEEL LIKE THEY'RE COMING OUT... YOU HAVE ONLY TEN SECONDS... TEN SECOND BEFORE YOU MEET DEATH...

FIRE FIGHTER




YOUR STORY STARTS IN A FIRE-RAZED BUILDING OFF BROADWAY! YOU'RE JIM HENDRICKS, FIRE-FIGHTER ATTACHED TO THE 9TH FIRE PRECINCT! YOU'RE AN EASY GOING GUY THAT LIKES LIFE... AND HATES FIRES!
ALL CLEAR! BRING UP THAT HOSE! HURRY! THE FIRE'S SPREADING! HENDRICK! EVERYTHING'S SET!
OKAY CHIEF! GOT IT! PLAY IT OUT A LITTLE BIT AT A TIME! HERE I GO!
WHAT A WAY TO MAKE A BUCK! BUT I LOVE IT! OTHERWISE I COULDN'T BE "HOSE-EXPERT" IN THIS BURG. OH OH. DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS!
I WAS RIGHT! SHE'S CAVING IN! THAT MEANS THIS LOFT IS KAPUT! NOTHING CAN SAVE 'ER NOW!!
...WAIT! MAYBE THOSE ADJOINING LOFTS CAN STILL BE SALVAGED! BUT IT MEANS STANDING HERE LIKE A CIGAR STORE INDIAN AND PLAYING THE HOSE ON THE FLAMES AND INCHING TOWARD THEM... SOMEBODY'S GOT TO DO IT!
SO YOU MAKE LIKE A HERO... AND INSTEAD OF MOVING BACK LIKE ANY DECENT FIRE-FIGHTER SHOULD... YOU STICK IT OUT AND PLAY 'FOOTSIE' WITH THE FLAMES...!
TOO CLOSE... WHAT'S WRONG WITH THOSE GUYS DOWNSTAIRS... NEED MORE PLAY ON THIS HOSE... THERE... THAT'S IT... THOSE FLAMES ARE STARTING TO RETREAT...


OKAY... THIS PART'S FIZZLING! THE FIRE WON'T SPREAD ANY FURTHER!
HEY GUYS! HEADS UP! HERE I COME!
MOMENTS LATER, YOU'RE DOWNSTAIRS-- AND MIGHTY GLAD THAT YOU'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE!
WHEW! THAT'S IT, CHIEF! WE CAN CHECK OFF THIS BUILDING! THE FIRE'S CONTAINED!
JIM... I WANT YOU TO MEET PAUL EVEREST, SUPERVISOR OF THE BROWNHAVER ATOMIC PLANT.
GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR. HENDRICK!
HEY! LOOKOUT! THE WALL'S GOING!
HOW DO YOU DO, MR. EVEREST.
WELL, PAUL, THINK HE'LL DO?
HE'S OUR MAN SIR!
SO THAT NEXT MORNING, YOU FIND YOURSELF HIGH IN THE AIR BOUND FOR BROWNHAVER, U.S.A.-- LOCATION OF ONE OF THE LARGEST ATOMIC PLANTS IN THE WORLD...
I'M DREAMING! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING TO ME!
WELL IT IS! YOUR THE ONLY MAN QUALIFIED FOR THIS JOB! CHIEF BATES REC-COMMENDED YOU HIGHLY!
HOURS LATER, YOU'RE USHERED INTO THE INNER SANCTUM OF WESLEY BOWLES, DIRECTOR OF THE BROWNHAVER LAB. YOUR HEART POUNDS IN ANTICIPATION OF WHAT HE HAS TO SAY...
...SOMEWHAT YOUNG... BUT IF PAUL HAS FAITH IN YOU, I'M CERTAIN YOU'LL SUCCEED HERE. HAVE YOU BEEN TOLD THE DETAILS?
NO, SIR!


YOU'RE TAKING OVER AS FIRE CONTROL OFFICER HERE! UNDER YOU IS A STAFF OF TRAINED MEN WHO HAVE BEEN PICKED FOR THEIR SKILL IN FIRE FIGHTING AND PREVENTION!
MORE INFORMATION...MORE DIRECTION AND EXPLANATION AND YOU FIND YOURSELF IN A FANTASTICALLY POWERFUL POSITION BECAUSE YOU'RE A TROUBLE SHOOTER...AN EXPERT... NOTED FOR YOUR FLEXIBILITY UNDER DURESS...
YOU'VE WON NINE COMMENDATIONS, HENDRICKS, BUT WITH ALL YOUR EXPERIENCE YOUR GOING TO FIND THIS JOB TOUGH AND DANGEROUS! TAKE A LOOK DOWN THERE!
WOW! WHAT A NIGHTMARE!
THIS IS THE PILE...OTHERWISE CALLED THE 'URANIUM MASS' FROM WHICH ATOMIC POWER IS DERIVED. THESE LITHIUM BARS CONTROL THE ENERGY!
LOCK THE LITHIUM BARS INTO POSITION AND NO ENERGY WILL BE PRODUCED! THAT GEIGER-COUNTER UP THERE NOTES THE AMOUNT OF RADIO-ACTIVITY IN THE PLANT! PASS THE DANGER POINT, AND THOUSANDS OF LIVES CAN BE SNUFFED OUT IN A FLASH!
TO LOCK LITHIUM BARS PULL DOWN
THEN THE REAL REASON FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT BECOMES CLEAR! THE F.B.I. HAND PICKED YOU... YOUR WAR RECORD HAD BEEN OUTSTANDING AND YOUR THE MOST LOGICAL SUCCESSOR TO THE GUY WHO JUST DIED HERE... BURNED TO DEATH...
THIS IS MISS SHEILA STEWARD! SHE'S TO BE YOUR ASSISTANT! SHE'LL ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS YOU MAY HAVE!
WELL... HELLO!
YOU'RE COMPLETELY BEWITCHED BY SHIELA... SHE'S NOT ONLY BEAUTIFUL... BUT QUITE A BRAIN... AND UTTERLY INDISPENSIBLE IN THE HUNDREDS OF MEMOS AND ASSORTED TASKS THAT BECOME YOUR 'BABY' DURING THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW AND YOU FALL FOR HER LIKE A TON OF BRICKS!
FIRE EXIT
DANGER


BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT A GOOD WAR RECORD BECAUSE YOU HAVE A-1 EXPERIENCE IN FIRE FIGHTING, BECAUSE YOUR A TOUGH BIRD IN TIGHT SITUATIONS, YOUR TOP-DOG IN YOUR OFFICE...
HO-HUM... WHAT'S ON THE DOCKET, SHEILA?
THE CATWALKS HAVE TO BE CHECKED TODAY!
YES, YOUR TOP-DOG AND VERY BORED, UNTIL... ONE AFTERNOON... AT THE FAR END OF THE PLANT...
GENTLEMEN! THE ENERGY OF THE PILE IS GOING TO BE INCREASED!
I STILL HAVE MY DOUBTS, PROFESSOR -SOMETHING MIGHT GO WR.....
KAAAAAVOOOOOOOOMMMMM!!!
HOW YOU STILL MANAGE TO LIVE YOU'LL NEVER KNOW! HOW THE COUNTRYSIDE HASN'T BEEN ERASED YOU'LL NEVER GUESS... ALL YOU'RE AWARE OF RIGHT NOW... IS THAT YOU'RE STILL BREATHING!
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT HAPPENED? SHEILA ARE... YOU ALL RIGHT?
Y-YES! ONE OF THE EXPERIMENTS MUST HAVE BACKFIRED! WE HAVE TO GET OUT!
FIRE! IT'S SPREADING A FOOT A SECOND!
GOOD HEAVENS! THE ENTIRE RIGHT WING OF THE PLANT HAS GONE UP IN SMOKE!


BUT NOW YOU RUSH OUT INTO PANIC AND TERROR! SIRENS, WAILS OF PEOPLE, FLAMES... ALL MERGE IN ONE GIANT SOUND OF LIFE! AND INSIDE...
SOMEONE GIVE ME AN ASBESTOS SUIT! HEY YOU! HAND ME THAT PORTABLE EXTINGUISHER!
YES, SIR!
JIM... DON'T GO IN THERE! THE RADIO-ACTIVITY HAS INCREASED! YOU'LL BE KILLED!
I'VE GOT TO TRY AND PUT OUT THAT FIRE. IF IT TOUCHES THE PILE, WE'LL ALL BE BLASTED OUT OF EXISTENCE!! SEE YOU, SHEILA!
THERE'S TWO WAYS TO STOP THAT FIRE... EITHER CLOSE OFF THE MASTER DOOR CONNECTING THIS BUILDING TO THE BURNING WING, OR LOCK THE LITHIUM SO THAT IF THE FIRE DOES REACH THE ATOMIC PILE, IT'LL JUST MELT!
WOW! THE RADIO ACTIVITY IS AT THE DANGER POINT! THIS HEAT IS STARTING THE URANIUM PILE TOWARDS A CHAIN REACTION!
I'LL TRY THE MASTER DOOR FIRST!
WHEW! TWO MORE SECONDS, AND I'D HAVE BEEN ROASTED! LOOKS LIKE I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE! IT'S THE LITHIUM CONTROL BAR OR NOTHING!



YOU GRIT YOUR TEETH AND PRAY... BECAUSE THE CONTROL BAR IS RIGHT OVER THE PILE! ONE SLIP ON THE IRON LADDER IN YOUR CLUMSY ASBESTOS SUIT MEANS DEATH...
JIM! COME DOWN! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT! THE GEIGER IS GOING CRAZY!
SORRY, GUYS! BUT IF I DON'T PUSH THAT MASTER LITHIUM LOCK INTO PLACE ON TIME, WE'LL ALL BE WATER-VAPOR!
I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT! GOD... PLEASE..... GOT TO MAKE IT... GOT TO...
YOU SIT THERE PARALYZED NUMB ...WAITING! THEN YOU GRADUALLY REALIZE THAT THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE AN EXPLOSION! YOU REALIZE THAT YOU CAN STILL BREATHE, STILL WALK DOWN THAT LADDER, AND OUT OF THE BUILDING...
OH DARLING! I LOVE YOU!! I NEVER WANT US TO GO THROUGH ANYTHING LIKE THAT AGAIN!
MAYBE, BABY BUT MY BACHELOR DAYS ARE OVER! THAT'S FOR SURE!
SO YOU KISS AND YOU FORGET, EVEN THOUGH TOMORROW WILL BRING PRAISE AND COMMENDATION... EVEN THOUGH TOMORROW WILL STILL BRING, AS IT ALWAYS DOES, INEVITABLE RISKS! BUT TODAY HAS MADE TOMORROW BEARABLE... FOR YOU'VE FOUND LIFE IN DEATH, HAPPINESS IN MISERY AS A... FIRE FIGHTER!!
THE END


AS CITY CLAIMS INVESTIGATOR FOR THE GREAT EAST FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, I HAVE SEEN MUCH OF HUMAN NATURE. BUT NEVER HAVE I SEEN IT DISPLAYED TO WORSE ADVANTAGE THAN IN THE CIRCUMSTANCE SURROUNDING THE SECOND FIRE AT TWENTY-EIGHTH AND GRAND. IT WAS A CASE OF...
ARSON
CORNER OF TWENTY EIGHTH AND GRAND... I'VE ALREADY CALLED THE FIRE DEPARTMENT! AND LISTEN, THE DESK, GIVE WARD KEELER A RING, WILL YOU? HIS COMPANY HAS THE INSURANCE ON THIS BUILDING!
GRA
THE POLICE DEPARTMENT REACHED ME AT THE OFFICE ABOUT 9:30 P.M. I WAS WORKING LATE ON SOME PAPER WORK THAT HAD PILED UP...
IT'S NICK ROTH AGAIN, MISS PARKER. THIS TIME HE'S REALLY DONE A JOB. YOU'D BETTER KNOCK OFF. I'M GOING OVER THERE!
ON THE WAY OVER I THOUGHT ABOUT THE FIRST TIME THE CORNER OF TWENTY-EIGHTH AND GRAND WAS SET AFIRE ONLY A MONTH BEFORE. I DIDN'T SEE THAT HAPPEN. O'BRIEN TOLD ME ABOUT IT. HE AND PATROLMAN AL RIDER WERE IN THEIR SQUAD CAR, WHEN...
LOOK, GENE! SMOKE!
PULL UP, AL! WE'LL INVESTIGATE!
DON RICO



JUST AS THEY GOT INSIDE...
LOOK! THERE HE GOES!
THE MAN WAS JUST AT THE REAR DOOR WHEN O'BRIEN MADE A FLYING TACKLE.
HE PUT UP A DESPERATE FIGHT...
AND THEN HE WRENCHED HIMSELF FREE. BUT O'BRIEN WAS ON HIS FEET IN AN INSTANT AND BLANKED HIM WITH A HAYMAKER...
I GOT HIM NOW!
OKAY! I'LL SEND IN THE ALARM! IT WAS LUCKY WE WERE PASSING BY!
THAT WAS THE POLICE'S INTRODUCTION TO NICK ROTH. HE WAS A DRESS MANUFACTURER WHO RAN A SWEATSHOP ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE BUILDING. THERE WAS A GOOD CASE AGAINST NICK AND NOW HE WAS OUT ON TEN THOUSAND BAIL. I ATTENDED ROTH'S ARRAIGNMENT, OF COURSE, BUT MOST OF MY CONTACT WAS WITH ANDREW MADDEN, THE BUILDING'S OWNER.


I CAME OUT OF REVERIE FAST AS I REACHED THE SCENE. FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE BUILDING CAME A TREMENDOUS BLAST THAT CAVED THE WALLS IN AND SENT DOZENS OF SCREAMING PEOPLE INTO THE INFERNO, FOR THE UPPER TWO FLOORS OF THE BUILDING WERE APARTMENTS. AND I SAW ONE OF THE FIREMEN TOPPLE FROM HIS LADDER...
BLAM
THEN I MET GENE O'BRIEN. HE WAS GRIM...
THANKS FOR THE CALL, GENE. I'LL GET MY INFORMATION FIRST HAND FOR THIS CLAIM. I'D SAY THIS WAS SPITE ON ROTH'S PART! BUT AGAINST WHOM? THE LANDLORD??
MAYBE THE TWENTY OR THIRTY INNOCENT PEOPLE WHO JUST DIED IN THE FLAMES!
WE'RE TRYING TO FIND ROTH NOW. HE'S NOT AT HOME, AND SO FAR NO ONE HAS SEEN HIM AROUND HERE... BUT WE'LL GET HIM!!
PD
THE BLAZE WAS STUBBORN. BY DAYLIGHT IT WAS BARELY UNDER CONTROL. POLICE TOLD ME THERE WOULD BE NO INSPECTION FOR ONE DAY. SO AT NINE I CALLED ON ANDREW MADDEN AT HIS OFFICE...
IT'S NOT THE LOSS OF THE BUILDING, KEELER. THAT'S COVERED BY YOUR COMPANY. BUT THOSE INNOCENT PEOPLE! LORD!
DID ROTH HAVE ANY GRUDGE AGAINST YOU?



ACTUALLY, YES IN HIS OWN INSANE WAY. THE POLICE PADLOCKED HIS FACTORY TO TAKE INVENTORY. I FELT JUSTIFIED IN VACATING HIS LEASE. HE VOWED HE'D GET REVENGE AND HE DID!
AN INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR HAS TO COVER EVERY ANGLE. I CALLED ON MADDEN'S BANK.
WAS MADDEN HEAVILY MORTGAGED?
YOU'RE WASTING TIME THERE. EVEN WITHOUT INSURANCE THE LOSS OF THE BUILDING WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE MADE A DENT IN HIS SOLVENCY!
I SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY AT CITY HALL, LOOKING UP THE REAL ESTATE RECORDS FOR TAX PURPOSES. LATER THAT NIGHT, I RETURNED TO TWENTY EIGHTH AND GRAND. THE FIRE WAS OUT AND CARPENTERS HAD BOARDED UP THE PLACE...
WONDER IF I COULD GET IN FOR A GENERAL LOOK AROUND?
I FOUND A WAY IN. INVOLUNTARILY MY SENSES REVOLTED AT THE ODOR OF BURNED AND WATER-SOAKED TIMBER, AND MORE SPECIFICALLY THE NAUSEATING STINK OF ROASTED HUMAN FLESH. THEN I STARTED... AND STEPPED BACK INTO THE SHADOWS...
SOMEONE IS UPSTAIRS!
I MADE MY WAY AS SOUNDLESSLY AS I KNEW HOW UP THE STAIRS AND THEN...
MADDEN! WHAT IN THUNDER ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHA-- UH-- OH IT'S YOU KEELER! I THOUGHT THESE ACCOUNT BOOKS...
COMPOUND IT, MAN, DON'T TOUCH THAT LEDGER! THOSE BURNED OPEN PAGES MAY HAVE JUST THE INFORMATION WE WANT!
I-- I'M SORRY. I THOUGHT-- THAT MIGHT BE SO! I WAS GOING TO TURN THEM OVER TO THE POLICE!
LOOK THERE, MADDEN! THE TWO PAGES WHERE THE LEDGERS OPEN ARE BURNED TO A CRISP! KROTH LEFT THEM OPEN SO THEY WOULD BURN!


I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE ME TURN WHEN I DID. CALL IT A SIXTH SENSE, BUT MOST LIKELY IT WAS THE MOTION OF MADDEN'S HAND LIFTING THE PIECE OF WOOD. I WAS NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!
FOR A FEW MOMENTS I THOUGHT MY DAYS WERE UP. THEN I TWISTED MY BODY, LURCHED AWAY FROM HIM, AND THEN CAUGHT HIM AS HE FELL FORWARD...
I HAULED HIM TO HIS KNEES AND LET HIM HAVE IT. IT WAS NOT EXACTLY ACCORDING TO THE STATE BOXING RULES, BUT NEITHER IS ATTEMPTED MURDER!


MADDEN WAS OUT COLD. I TURNED MY FLASHLIGHT ON THE BURNED LEDGER...
WE DIDN'T TOUCH IT THANK GOODNESS!
THEN I PICKED UP MADDEN'S LIMP BODY AND CARRIED HIM DOWN THE STAIRS...
IT WASN'T TOO LATE WHEN I REACHED THE SIDEWALK FOR SOME PEOPLE TO BE OUT...I DIDN'T KNOW HOW LONG MADDEN WOULD BE OUT AND I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE I COULD GET TO A PHONE... THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO...
HELP! CALL THE POLICE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WHAT THE... YOU, WARD! WHAT'S UP?
PLENTY! HELP ME GET THIS GUY TO HEADQUARTERS, GENE... AND MAKE SURE THIS JOINT IS GUARDED AGAINST ANY MORE PROWLERS!
THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT THEY GRILLED MADDEN AT HEADQUARTERS...
I TELL YOU IT WAS JUST ANGER THAT'S ALL! ANGER AT SEEING A CITIZEN ACCOST ME... IN MY OWN BUILDING! OF COURSE, I HAD NO RIGHT... BUT...
IT'S NO USE, MADDEN. YOU HAD ANOTHER REASON! LET'S HEAR IT!
THEY TOOK MADDEN TO A CELL. THEY COULD STILL HOLD HIM FOR A FEW HOURS. WHEN I LEFT HEADQUARTERS THE SUN WAS UP. I RETURNED TO TWENTY-EIGHTH AND GRAND. POLICE TECHNICIANS AND HOMICIDE MEN WERE THERE...
YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT, KEELER! LOOK HERE!



A DEAD BODY! WHO...?
THEY ROLLED AWAY THE SAFE. THE HEAVY STEEL HAD PROTECTED THE BODY FROM THE FIRE...ENOUGH TO RECOGNIZE HIM. IT WAS NICK ROTH! THE MEDICAL EXAMINER LOOKED HIM OVER...
THIS MAN WAS MURDERED! SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD! WE HAD BETTER GET HIM TO THE MORGUE FOR A COMPLETE AUTOPSY!
AFTER THAT THE TECHNICIANS WENT TO WORK ON THE BURNED LEDGER AND A BURNED PAPER BESIDE IT. FIRST THEY SPRAYED THE CHARRED REMAINS OF THE PAPER WITH FIXATIVE, A MIXTURE OF SHELLAC AND ALCOHOL...
THEN WHEN THE SHEETS WERE STIFF ENOUGH TO MOVE THEY WERE PLACED BETWEEN LAYERS OF CLEAR GLASS...
THEN THE GLASS WAS PLACED IN A PRINTING FRAME AND PHOTOGRAPHED ON AN ORTHOCHROMATIC PLATE AND PRINTED ON COMPRESSION PAPER...
CLICK!
"THE EVIDENCE AGAINST MADDEN PILED UP AFTER THAT AND HE CONFESSED!
YOU DIDN'T WANT THE INSURANCE MONEY, MADDEN! THE RECONSTRUCTED PAPERS PROVED YOU WERE ROTH'S SECRET PARTNER! ROTH OWED A HALF A MILLION BUCKS ACCORDING TO HIS BOOKS! YOU'D HAVE HAD TO PAY IT SO YOU MURDERED HIM WHEN HE FLUFFED HIS FIRST ARSON JOB!
BUT WHEN YOU SET OFF DYNAMITE AS WELL AS THE FIRE, YOU FLUFFED TOO! THE EXPLOSION KNOCKED THE SAFE OVER ROTH'S BODY AND PRESERVED IT!
"NO ONE REMEMBERED THAT IF I HADN'T FOUND MADDEN DESTROYING THE PAPERS, HE NEVER WOULD HAVE BEEN SUSPECTED OF ROTH'S MURDER OR OF THE MURDER OF TWENTY-EIGHT WHO DIED IN THE FLAMES! I LET IT PASS AND I DRAGGED MYSELF TO MY OFFICE AND BEGAN TO DICTATE MY REPORT."
THE END



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Boys & girls, here's exciting news. News about something entirely different! Now, you can grow a real garden of your very own—right in your own home. Yes, here's an amazing magic garden you set up and plant yourself in a few minutes. Grow real grass and flowers in just a few days! You'll thrill to the magic of Mother Nature as you watch the grass sprout and the flowers take root and grow right before your eyes. In no time at all you'll have a colorful, healthy garden—and what a kick you'll get playing gardener, cutting the grass, watering the plants, and tending the lovely sweet-smelling flowers. You can even clip a beautiful bunch of flowers for mom, or friend. All your friends will wonder how you were able to make things grow—They'll all want you to show them how!
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DANGEROUS PRACTICES



MUTILATION of the human body as a form of punishment is an old custom. Records of penalties involving the inflicting of wounds go back to the reign of Rameses III in Egypt. Beating criminals with a certain number of blows so as to open a certain number of wounds was then carried as an article of law into the New Kingdom. For example, one penalty specifically stated that five scars were to be left on the hands, feet, and back. In England a code of laws drawn up in 1176 stated that for forgery and arson the criminal was to lose a hand and a foot. Like the scarlet letter, these punishments could not be erased. Fortunately, in the United States, the Constitution provides, in the words of the Bill of Rights, that cruel and unusual punishments are not to be inflicted. Otherwise, who knows? You might not have two eyes to read this!

DEAD MEN'S FINGERS beckon to sailors and divers in ten to twenty fathoms of water off the English coasts. But these pink digital forms are not the ever-living hands of the drowned, as local superstition has it. They are a species of coral properly called *Alcyonium digitatum.*

A FEAST FOR CORPSES was held on the third day of the Dionysian festivals celebrated by the ancient Greeks. The object of the festival, which took place at the end of February and the beginning of March, was to mark the beginning of spring. On the first two days it was said that the souls of the dead came up from the underworld and walked abroad. People then chewed leaves of whitethorn and smeared their doors with tar to ward off evil. They also did a tremendous amount of drinking. Hence the first day was called "the day of opening the casks," and the second "the day of the beakers." The third day was known as *Chytri* (feast of the pots) during which homage was paid to the wine god and to the souls of the dead. Authorities who ignore the drinking that went on during the festival translate the names of the three days as "the day of the opening of the graves, the day of libations, and the day of the grave-holes," all dedicated to the dead.

EXTREME UNCTION given to one who was thought to be dying but recovered, during the Middle Ages, supposedly extinguished all ties and links with this world. Popular opinion then held that he who had received it and continued to live must renounce the eating of flesh and any matrimonial relations. Until comparatively recent times in Lombardy a few peasants continued to believe that one who has received extreme unction ought to be left to die, and that sick people should be starved to death through the withholding of food on superstitious grounds.

CANDLES AROUND A COFFIN are a familiar sight, but the significance of the rite is seldom recognized. In the old days the pagans thought that the ghosts of the dead would need the tapers to light their way through the darkness of the underworld, so they put candles beside coffins but did not light them: they were part of the furniture of funerals. With the advent of Christianity, such candles had an entirely different purpose. They were placed beside coffins to symbolize hope and happiness for the departed, and to stand for the affirmation that Christians were "children of Light" at perpetual war with "the powers of darkness."

BRUTAL purification for immoral acts was a common characteristic of certain primitive societies. One, for instance, accomplished *catharsis*, according to the old records, "by beating and stinging with ants, by branding, tattooing, and by the knocking out of teeth."





UNCANNY WARNING



There is no good reason why I don't want to go back to my bookseller, but I think I'll buy my books elsewhere hereafter, anyway. I don't want to get mixed up in it. What's odd is that I don't know what "it" is; I don't know what I'm so apprehensive about.

It's just that I've felt this way since Thursday. You remember last Thursday, that dark day the snow turned to rain and the sky was the color of eggplant? Well, the back room of that bookshop is eerie enough on bright days, and besides the creaking of his old swivel chair gave me the creeps. As I remember, he had this book in his hands when I came in, and he sat there in a sort of ominous silence while I looked at it under the bare bulb.

The title of this book was *Census of Hallucinations*, published in England in 1889.

"It's more scientific than the 1885 edition of *Phantasms of the Living*," he said, as if I were familiar with the earlier work. "Data as to the percentage of individuals in the general population who, at some period of their lives, while they were in a normal state of health," he continued, pointing at the quotation with his bony finger, "experienced **'a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as they could discover, was not due to any external cause.'** " His finger underscored the words, his nail like a stylus.

Then he leaned back in the protesting chair and smiled in answer to a question I had not asked. "About 17,000 replies to the census were received," he said. "Do you know why the census was taken? Because there is a widespread belief, which I share, that the apparition of a living person is an omen of death!"

Maybe it was the subject of the book, maybe it was the tone of his voice.

Anyway, he went on to explain, in that strange tone of voice that after making all deductions it appeared that death coincidences numbered about 30 in 1300 cases of recognized apparitions; or about 1 in 43, whereas if chance alone operated the coincidences would have been in the proportion of 1 to 19,000.

"As a result of the inquiry," he said, slowly, "the committee held it to be proved that **'between deaths and apparitions of the dying person a connection exists which is not due to chance alone.'** " The last words he read out of the book.

All of a sudden, then, he leaned forward and the chair shrieked and he stared at me. Simply stared.

"Does that frighten you, George?" he asked very softly but very distinctly.

"My name's not George," I said.

He blinked stupidly and muttered something about thinking for a moment that I was my brother George. I said something about not wanting to buy any of his morbid arcana and that's all there was to it. I just left, maybe a little abruptly, but he didn't say anything more.

I don't know how he knew I had a brother named George: I had never mentioned it.

Anyway, it won't happen again.

It won't happen again because I'm not going to buy books in that shop any more, and besides, it couldn't happen again because my brother George was killed in Korea last week.


YOU'VE BEEN A WISE GUY AND A HECKLER TO THE REGULAR GUYS ON THE POLICE EMERG-ENCY SQUAD. YOU'RE A ROOKIE... AND THOUGHT THAT THE JOB ISN'T SO TOUGH... UNTIL YOU HANG IN MID-AIR, 300 FT TO THE RIVER BELOW, SUSPENDED BY A FRAYED ROPE ABOUT TO GIVE... AND THEN YOU REALIZE THAT DEATH IS STARING YOU IN THE FACE... YOUR STRENG-TH IS GOING... AND YOUR CONFIDENCE IS FADING... UP THERE ON THAT...
HIGH BRIDGE
I... I CAN'T TAKE THIS MUCH LONGER... M... MY HANDS ARE GETTING WEAK...
TO MITCH CORUM, JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES, BEING A ROOKIE ON THE POLICE EMERGEN-CY SQUAD WAS JUST ANOTHER TASK...
GLAD TO MEET YOU SGT. WAYNE! THEY TOLD ME YOU'RE THE MAN TO STICK WITH ON THESE ASSIGN-MENTS!
CALL ME POPS, MITCH! EVERYONE DOES! YEAH I GUESS I KNOW THE ROPES PRETTY WELL!
WHEN I APPLIED FOR THIS JOB, I THOUGHT I'D SEE SOME ACTION. I'VE DONE MANY THINGS... BUT WHAT I CRAVE... IS ADVENTURE! SILLY, ISN'T IT?
NOPE! WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, I HAD THE SAME BUG... BUT... YOU'LL... LEARN!
WHAT? NO, LADY, WE DON'T RESCUE STRAY CATS STUCK IN DRAINPIPES! CALL THE A.S.P.C.A.! YEAH! YEAH! GOODBYE!



ONE OF YOUR UNSATISFIED CUSTOMERS?
NOT QUITE, SON! THE POLICE EMERGENCY SQUAD IS A SPECIAL ORGANIZATION THAT MOST CITIZENS DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT! THAT'S JUST WHAT WE HANDLE, EMERGENCIES! EACH MAN HAS TO HAVE THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER... PLUS A DOZEN OTHER SPECIALTIES!
CLANG! CLANG!
I'D SWEAR I WAS A FIREMAN IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER, POP!
IT'S TOUGH ON THEM TOO! BUT YOU'LL SEE THE DIFFERENCE! COME ON! YOU'LL SEE WHY YOU WERE PICKED OUT OF A HUNDRED APPLICANTS!
MOMENTS LATER, TEARING THROUGH THE STREETS...
WHAT'S UP, CHIEF?
THE EXPRESS ELEVATOR IS STUCK ON THE SEVENTY-THIRD FLOOR OF THE KANDLER BUILDING! THE MAINTENANCE MEN SAY THE CABLE CAN'T SUPPORT IT FOR LONG!
AND WITHIN MINUTES, THE SQUAD REACHED THEIR DESTINATION!
EEEEEE! THEY'LL BE KILLED! I HEARD THAT SCRAPING SOUND! THE ELEVATOR IS GOING TO FALL!
TAKE IT EASY, MISS! GET BACK FOLKS!
OKAY, MITCH! HERE WE GO!
YOU GUYS FOLLOW ME! GET THAT WINCH UP THERE! GASP!-GASP!-.. ADAMS-- BRING THAT CROW-BAR! WE MAY HAVE TO PRY OPEN THAT DOOR!
PUFF.. PUFF.. BOY.. YOU WEREN'T KIDDING, POP! SEVENTY-THREE FLOORS IS SHEER MURDER! TOO BAD THE OTHER ELEVATORS AREN'T WORKING!
FORTY MINUTES LATER, ON THE SEVENTY-FLOOR...
STAND BY, GUYS! MITCH! GRAB HOLD OF MY LEGS-- AND DON'T LET GO NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS!
DON'T WORRY! I.. I DON'T EVEN WANT TO LOOK DOWN!


MOMENTS LATER!
W-WE'RE GOING TO FALL! HELP ME! PLEASE!
EASY NOW, MISS! I'VE GOT YOU! THAT'S IT! COME ON NOW! YOU'RE OKAY!
AND AFTER THE WORK IS FINISHED...
WHEW! GUESS I'M GETTING OLD! I WAS ACTUALLY SHAKING!
I THOUGHT IT WAS FUN! I MEAN, THIS IS REALLY TAME AFTER WHAT I WAS LED TO BELIEVE!
TAKE IT SLOW, SON! THE FUN HASN'T REALLY STARTED YET! YOU'LL LEARN IN TIME! SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!
OKAY! JUST LET ME KNOW IF THERE ARE ANY CATS TO BE SAVED! HA-HA-- SEE YOU!
IT WAS INCREDIBLE THAT ONE MAN COULD BE SO HAPPY-GO-LUCKY DURING THE ACTION PACKED, SPINE-CHILLING WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED. GAS LINES BURST, WATER MAINS BROKE, EMERGENCY AFTER EMERGENCY...AND MITCH CORUM TOOK IT LIKE A BIG JOKE!
T.N.T.
THEN ONE MORNING, REPORTING TO WORK...
HI, GUYS! ANY NEW EMERGENCIES WHILE I WAS AWAY? THEY OUGHT TO LABEL US THE CITY COMMANDOES!
WHY DONCHA GET LOST, CORUM? IF POP CAN'T INFLUENCE YOU, WE CAN'T EITHER! IF YOU THINK THIS JOB IS TOO TAME, GET YOURSELF ANOTHER!
CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!
THERE GOES THE 'FIRE-GONG!' LIGHTS, ACTION, CAMERA!
SPEED IT UP, GUYS! THERE'S A SUICIDE ON THE FOLSOM BRIDGE! HE'S GOING INTO A SWAN-DIVE ANY SECOND!


HEY GUYS! WE DIDN'T BRING OUR SWORDS ALONG! WHY BACK IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY WE'D OF BEEN KNIGHTED FOR OUR GALLANTRY!
OF ALL THE GUYS TO PICK ON A SQUAD FOR... YOU HAVTA PICK A REAL WISENHEIMER! BRR-UTHERR! WITH THAT ATTITUDE, HE GET HIMSELF KILLED!
THE BRIDGE...AND A MAN WITH TROUBLES...POISED ...READY TO JUMP! A CROWD OF GRIM SPECTATORS TRYING TO STOP HIM, BUT NOT DARING TO MOVE...
DON'T COME NEAR ME! I HATE EVERYONE IN THIS WORLD... HATE THEM! WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE? WHY?? -SOB- SOB-
OH, OH... WE HAVE A REAL CASE ON OUR HANDS! SSST! DON'T MAKE A SOUND!!
THIS WAITING ISN'T HELPING THE GUY ANY! SOONER OR LATER, HE'S GOING TO MAKE HIS MIND UP ONE WAY OR ANOTHER! I'LL SEE IF I CAN REACH HIM FROM BEHIND...
LET'S SEE IF I CAN CLIMB THAT ABUTMENT... AND SWING MYSELF OVER THE LEDGE, I'LL BE IN A POSITION TO TACKLE HIM... GASP... GASP...
MITCH! COME BACK! DON'T BE CRAZY!! GET ME A ROPE, MEN! QUICK!
MITCH! THIS IS AN ORDER! COME DOWN! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO SAVE HIM IN TIME! IT'S THREE HUNDRED FEET TO THE WATER! ONE SLIP AND YOU WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT YOU!
I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES, POP! THIS IS THE KINDA THING I LOVE TO DO! SO LONG!
GET THESE ROPES AROUND ME, BOYS! THAT DURN FOOL WILL BE SWEPT RIGHT OFF HIS FEET BY THE AIR CURRENTS!
CAREFUL, SARGE! THIS IS A DANGEROUS BRIDGE! IT'S A ONE-WAY TICKET TO THE GRAVE! DON'T BE A HERO!


MEANWHILE MITCH CORUM WAS ADVANCING TOWARDS HIS MAN...
JUST A FEW MORE FEET... AND I'LL BE OVER HIM! OH, OH. HE'S SEEN ME!
YOU WANT TO TRICK ME LIKE THE REST! ALL RIGHT! I-I'M GOING TO JUMP!
NO YOU DON'T!!
IF... IF YOU DON'T LET ME GO, I-I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME! I DON'T WANT TO LIVE! YOU CAN'T STOP ME!
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYPLACE!
THE TERRIBLE STRUGGLE CONTINUED FOR A FEW MORE SECONDS. THEN...
HE'S OUT! NOW THE PROBLEM IS TO GET HIM OFF THIS LEDGE AND BACK TO THE RAILING!!
SILENCE FELL, TENSE AND OMINOUS...ACCOMPANIED NOW BY A WAILING BANSHEE WIND THAT THREATENED TO ENGULF THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE OF WIRE AND STEEL...
GRAB THAT ROPE, SON! HOLD ONTO IT! JUST STAY PUT! THESE WIND CURRENTS UP HERE ARE TREACHEROUS!
NUTS! JUST WHEN I HAVE THE GUY QUIET, THIS WIND HAS TO START!


SUDDENLY!
HOLY SMOKE! I SLIPPED AND NOW THE ROPE IS STARTING TO GIVE...A...AND I'M SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR!!
MINUTES TICKED BY...AND THE WIND WAILED LIKE A SHRIEKING WOMAN...AND THE LIVES OF TWO MEN HUNG IN THE BALANCE...
H-HURRY, POP! THE ROPE'S GONNA GIVE ANY MOMENT! I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER! HURRY!!
RELAX, SON! I'LL BE WITH YOU PRETTY SOON! HOLD ON FOR GOOD SAKES!
GET IT TIGHT, MITCH! QUICK!
IT...IT'S GIVING! I-I'M GOING TO FALL!!
THANK GOD!!
SLOW AGONIZING SECONDS OF BEING LIFTED TO A RAILING... FRANTIC HANDS GROPING FOR A HOLD...THEN CONCRETE UNDER ONE'S FEET!... VOICES, SHOUTS, EXCITED PEOPLE...
LOOK THIS WAY MR. CORUM! THAT WAS A BRAVE THING YOU DID! YOU'LL BE ON ALL THE FRONT PAGES IN THE COUNTRY TOMORROW MORNING!
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A HERO SIR? ANY STATEMENTS?
SURE! MAKE CERTAIN YOU GET THIS RIGHT, I'M NO HERO! I WAS SCARED STIFF OUT THERE! I WAS PART OF A TEAM THAT PULLED ME THROUGH, PUBLICIZE THEM! THE HERO IS THE POLICE EMERGENCY SQUAD!
LET'S GO HOME, SON! YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR FIRST LESSON! YOU'LL LIVE FROM NOW ON!
THE END

YOU DON'T LOOK FOR BOUQUETS, IT'S JUST YOUR JOB! YOU'RE CONSCIOUS OF IT'S URGENCY, YOU KNOW, THAT EVERY TIME YOU SHIFT AND STEP ON THE GAS, YOUR MISSION IS A .....

RACE with DEATH





EASY ON THE WAY IN, TONY! THE GIRL'S IN A STATE OF SHOCK NOW AND DOESN'T REALIZE MUCH, BUT HER NECK IS BROKEN! ONE SUDDEN JOLT AND IT WILL BE ALL OVER FOR HER!
EASY IT IS!
YOU TURN OFF THE HIGHWAY AND TAKE A TWO-LANE MACADAM ROAD. YOU REALIZE YOU'LL HAVE TO HOLD UP TRAFFIC, BUT IT IS A SHORTER CUT TO THE HOSPITAL...
AN EAGER HOT-ROD ZOOMS PAST YOU, CUTS YOU OFF. YOU DARE NOT JAM YOUR BRAKES. THE HOT-ROD CAR HAS PLENTY OF MOXIE AND CLEARS YOU AS THE DRIVER PASSES BY...
PULL OVER! YOU WANTA HOG THE WHOLE ROAD?
YOU NOTE THE LICENSE NUMBER OF THE HOT-ROD. YOU FIGURE TO TURN IT IN AT THE OFFICE. BUT AS ATTENDANTS ARE UNLOADING THE GIRL FROM THE AMBULANCE, A CLERK FROM THE OFFICE COMES UP.
GET TO THE AIRPORT, TONY. THERE'S AN UNSCHEDULED PLANE AFRAID TO COME IN. LANDING GEAR IS STUCK! YOU'LL HAVE TO STAND BY WITH TOM BRODY. DOCTOR WHITEHEAD WILL GO ALONG! HURRY!!
YOU BURN UP THE ROAD AND WHEN YOU GET TO THE AIRPORT YOU SEE THE PLANE CIRCLING OVERHEAD. YOU SEE THE WAITING FIRE TRUCKS, THE RESCUE CREWS.
ACE FIELD
YOU STAND READY WITH DR. WHITEHEAD AND TOM BRODY, WATCHING THE SKY. THE SUN IS GOING DOWN NOW.
WHAT DO YOU THINK, DOC? THEY GOING TO FIX THAT LANDING GEAR BEFORE THEY RUN OUT OF GAS?
WHO KNOWS? BOY, I SURE HOPE SO!
IT GROWS DARK AND YOU WAIT. THEN THE PLANE SIGNALS. THEY'RE OUT OF GAS... THEY'RE GOING TO TRY FOR A CRASH LANDING. YOU HOP INTO YOUR AMBULANCE. TOM BRODY AND THE DOC CLIMB IN. YOU WATCH THE BIG SHIP GLIDING DOWNWARD. YOU ARE TENSE, READY... READY FOR WHAT?...
RO
ACE FI


YOU KNOW NOW WHAT TO EXPECT, YOU KNOW BY THE SCREAMING OF METAL, THE SOUND OF EXPLOSION, THE SPURT OF FLAME...
YOU SEE THE RESCUE CREWS SPRING INTO ACTION, YOU SEE TWO TERRIFIED PASSENGERS STUMBLE FROM THE DOORWAY. YOU SEE THE FLAMES UP FORWARD, THEN YOU SEE A MAN FALL DOWN IN THE ENTRANCE DOOR...
YOU RUN FORWARD, YOU DON'T KNOW WHY. IT'S NOT YOUR JOB, BUT THERE YOU ARE.. YOU GRAB THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN BY THE COLLAR AND HAUL HIM OUT...
YOU JUST GET CLEAR WITH YOUR PASSENGER WHEN A SHOUT OF WARNING GOES UP FROM THE RESCUE CREWS. YOU SEE THEM RUN.. SEE THE BIG SHIP BURST INTO AN INFERNO. ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE FIRE YOU HEAR THE AGONIZING SCREAMS OF TRAPPED VICTIMS......


THE MAN YOU HAULED OUT IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS. YOU STAND AT THE DOOR AS THE DOCTOR LOOKS OVER THE VICTIM, AND TOM BRODY STANDS BESIDE HIM...
THIS MAN HAS A BAD HEART, TOM. GET THE INHALATOR READY.
RIGHT, DR. WHITEHEAD.
GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL, FAST, TONY!
I'LL OPEN UP. HOLD TIGHT!
YOU STEP ON THE GAS. THE SPEEDOMETER RISES... 60... 70... 75...
YOU'RE NOT AWARE OF THE CAR BESIDE YOU UNTIL YOU REALIZE HE IS EVEN WITH YOU...
THE FOOL! THE CRAZY FOOL!
YOU'VE NEVER OPENED UP WIDE, BUT YOU PUSH YOUR FOOT TO THE FLOOR. YOU'VE GOT TO BEAT OUT THE STUPID GUY WHO IS TRYING TO RACE YOU... IT WILL BE HIS ONLY CHANCE ...BECAUSE YOU SEE THE TRAFFIC COMING TOWARD HIM, HEAD ON... YOU HIT 90... 100.... 124...


YOU HEAR A SCREAM OF BRAKES, YOU HEAR A CRASH. YOU DON'T KNOW JUST WHAT HAS HAPPENED BUT YOU FIGURE THE WISE GUY HAS LOST CONTROL OF HIS CAR. YOU WONDER HOW MANY ARE VICTIMS OF HIS CRAZY DRIVING. BUT YOU HAVE ONE JOB TO DO NOW, THAT IS TO GET YOUR PATIENT TO THE HOSPITAL!
YOU GET TO THE HOSPITAL AND YOU SEE THE VICTIM BEING CARRIED INSIDE, STILL UNDER THE OXYGEN MASK. BUT YOUR MIND IS ON THE SOUND OF THE CRASH BACK ON THE HIGHWAY...
WHAT ABOUT THAT GUY THAT TRIED TO RACE US, DOC?
CHECK WITH THE OFFICE. PROBABLY THEY'VE GOT THE CALL FOR YOU NOW.
YOU DRAW DR. PACKARD AND BILL JOHNSON AGAIN FOR THE TRIP TO THE WRECK. YOU DON'T NEED TO BE A DOCTOR TO SEE THE DRIVER HAS AS MUCH CHANCE OF BEING ALIVE AS A SNOWBALL IN... WELL, ... A SNOWBALL IN A HOT STOVE...
IT'S JUST A KID, MAYBE SIXTEEN. HE'S DEAD, JAMMED SO TIGHT IN THE WRECK HE HAS TO BE RELEASED BY AN ACETYLENE TORCH. YOU HELP BILL JOHNSON HAUL THE LIMP FORM OUT OF THE WRECK...


YOU GET THE KID'S BODY OUT, PUT IT IN THE AMBULANCE, THEN JUST BEFORE YOU GET IN THE CAR YOU LOOK BACK AT THE SCENE. SOMETHING STRIKES A FAMILIAR NOTE IN YOUR MEMORY...
THIS KID IS THAT HOT-ROD THAT TRIED TO CROWD ME OFF THE ROAD COMING BACK FROM THAT HIT-AND-RUN CASE! I WAS GOING TO TURN HIM IN!
NO NEED NOW, I GUESS!
YOU GET THE BODY IN AND FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT NIGHT THERE IS NOWHERE TO GO! YOU BACK YOUR AMBULANCE INTO THE GARAGE...
YOU FIND YOU'RE PLENTY HUNGRY AND YOU OPEN YOUR LUNCH BOX. THEN YOU LOOK AT THE CLOCK. YOU CAN'T BELIEVE IT. IT'S TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE MIDNIGHT... YOUR QUITTING TIME... WELL, YOU MAY AS WELL EAT YOUR LUNCH, ANYWAY...
YOU RELAX AND TAKE A BITE OF YOUR SANDWICH - YOUR LUNCH! MIKE HENNESAY (MIDNIGHT TO EIGHT A.M.) ...ARRIVES TO RELIEVE YOU. MIKE LOOKS AT YOU AND LAUGHS...
HI, TONY! WHAT A RACKET YOU GOT! PRETTY SOFT!
YOU SHOULD HAVE IT SO SOFT, MIKE! TONIGHT GAVE ME AN IDEA.
ALL NEW DRIVERS SHOULD SPEND A NIGHT RIDING AN AMBULANCE BEFORE THEY GET THEIR LICENCES!
YOU GO OUTSIDE. YOU THINK ABOUT THE HOT-ROD. THEY ARE MOST LIKELY PHONING THE KID'S FOLKS ABOUT NOW. THE NIGHT AIR IS COOL, BUT IT ISN'T VERY REFRESHING. YOU ARE TOO TIRED. YOU'RE GLAD YOUR DAY IS DONE. TONIGHT YOU'RE GOING STRAIGHT HOME... TO BED!
THE END



PLAY PIANO THE FIRST DAY..
OR DON'T PAY!
Here's Your Chance to BE POPULAR!
I'M CERTAINLY MISSING A LOT OF FUN, AND DATES, TOO. IF I COULD ONLY PLAY THE PIANO THE WAY BETTY DOES. 'WONDER HOW SHE LEARNED SO FAST? I'LL ASK HER THE FIRST CHANCE I GET.
AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR
Now, PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR Guides Your Fingers
NO SCALES!
NO EXERCISES!
YOU PLAY INSTANTLY!
Complete Course only $1.98 – including the PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR
THE GIRLS ARE WILD ABOUT THE WAY I PLAY PIANO—CAN'T THANK DEAN ROSS ENOUGH
10-Day FREE TRIAL COUPON — Mail Today!
HA-5.

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Doctor, we can help you, too! Many Doctors are unwilling victims to the repulsive Tobacco Habit. We make the guarantee to you, too, Doctor. [illegible] Doctors [illegible] their patients! . . . If this sensational discovery does not banish your craving for Tobacco forever . . . your money cheerfully refunded.

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The nicotine laden smoke you inhale becomes deposited on your throat and lungs . . . (The average Smoker does this 200 times a day!) Nicotine irritates the Mucous Membranes of the respiratory tract and Tobacco Tar injures these membranes. Stop Tobacco Cough, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Breath . . . Banish smoking forever at no cost to you. Mail the coupon now.

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  Save [illegible] on C.O.D. Money Order fee and Postage by sending cash with Order. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.
- ☐ Enclosed is $[illegible] for 7-Day Supply; you pay postage costs.
- ☐ Enclosed is $[illegible] for 2 boxes of the 7-Day Supply for myself and a loved one. You pay postage costs.

NAME ______________________ (Please Print)
ADDRESS ______________________
TOWN ______________ ZONE ____ STATE ______



Hey SKINNY!
...YER RIBS ARE SHOWING!
DON'T LET HIM HIT YOU, JOE!
WATCH WHAT YOU SAY, FELLA —
SHUT UP, YOU BAG OF BONES!
DARN IT! I'M TIRED OF BEING A SKINNY SCARECROW. CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN MAKE ME A NEW MAN! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK.
LATER
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG. WHAT A BUILD. NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT BULLY!
HERE'S A LOVE-TAP — FROM THAT "BAG OF BONES," REMEMBER?
OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL HE-MAN, AFTER ALL.
WHAT A MAN
AND HE USED TO BE SO SKINNY!
I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!
CHARLES ATLAS
PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body-building system. "Dynamic Tension." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."
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